PRICE FIVE CENTS.

RICH & McVEY

63 North Pennsylvania Street, DEALERS IN HIGH-GRADE

PIANOS 20RGANS Moody and Ira David Sankey, the revivalists, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Moody has, for a month, been laboring in New York and near it, but, instead of Mr. San-RIABR PIANOS

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TWO FAMOUS EVANGELISTS

Moody and Sankey Don't Work Together, and Rumor Says Separation Is Final.

It Is Said They Parted Under Unfriendly Conditions-Talk with Mr. Moody--First Meeting of the Two Men in Indianapolis.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. key, the singing has been done by several different vocalists. These persons have been on trial, with a view to their value and availability as new partners with the evangelist in his future work. A large number of sufficiently excellent singers have applied for the place, but not only is the right voice and vocal method required. but the individual must be an earnest, sincere Christian. The assertion is current in religious cir-

cles here that Moody and Sankey have

parted under unfriendly conditions and for merely sordid reasons; but both of the gentlemen are ingenious in their efforts to have the world understand that they are friends still, and propose to remain friends forever. It is granted that they have not appeared on the same platform since October of last year. This, however, does not imply that these world-circling evangelists have no longer any thoughts in common, nor that they no longer find any congeniality in each other's society. A recent incident alone in the lives of these men must dent alone in the lives of these men must stand as strong circumstantial proof of itself, that they are yet friends. And still, what an insignificant, inconsequent circumstance, after all! Simply the breaking of bread by both at the same table. The helief by some folks is that they separated occause of a disagreement about the profits arising from the publication of that enormously-circulated song-book, "Gospel Hymns." A more specific cause of the disagreement was even whispered. It was that each utilized his share of the great profits of the Moody and Sankey hymn-book in so widely a different manner as to cause in so widely a different manner as to cause contention. Mr. Moody was said to be conscientiously devoting his share largely to the several religious and charity institutions which he has founded, while Mr. Sankey was intent upon acquiring a fortune for himself.

Experience has convinced the writer that it is harder to learn of the disposition which a successful evangelist makes of his money than it is to predict the price of certain railroad stocks six months hence. Difficulties confront you upon every side when you set out to solve the first-named problem. So they do in the latter, but then, in time, you will get an answer. And it may be satisfactory to you, or it may not. But evangelists, for the most part, dislike to talk about money matters. So when your correspondent started on the particular mission of ascertaining who was the more charitable man of the two, Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey, and, in the event of one being less charitable than the other, if that fact could be accepted as a basis for the supposed separation between them, it was found that the task required a trained diplomate. Mr. Moody had labored an hour longer than usual at the Collegiate Church, in this city, when he was gently questioned it is harder to learn of the disposition in this city, when he was gently questioned on the several problems already referred to. He was extremely gracious, and he talked

"My religious and charitable institu-tions?" said he interrogatively. "Well, there are four now that I am particularly interested in: The Young Ladies' Seminary, at Northfield, Mass.; the Mount Hermon School for Young Men, at Mount Hermon, Mass., and two similar institutions in Chi-

"These you founded and they are still maintained by you, Mr. Moody?" was asked.
"Yes, I founded them, but a body of trustees have charge of the maintenance of all

four of these institutions."
"None of these schools, then, was the outcome of the efforts, conjointly, of Moody and Sankey, but of yourself individually?" "Yes, they are the result of my own la-

"And if you please, Mr. Moody, what institution has Mr. Sankey founded?"

"Oh, (musingly) none that I'm aware of. But (hastily) his money is in these schools. Oh, yes, his money is in them."

Here was a capital opportunity to clinch the real question of the hour, and, in fact, the nub of the interview. The querist clinched something after this style; "Mr. Moody, has a separation occurred between Mr. Sankey and yourself because of wide differences of opinion regarding the proper differences of opinion regarding the proper methods of disposing of your incomes?" "We have not separated. It is absolutely

"The supposition has got abroad that Moody and Sankey have parted company because Mr. Moody sees fit to disburse his dollars in a lavishly charitable manner in support of several religious institutions, while Mr. Sankey studiously avoids supporting any institution, and is religiously increasing his own fortune handsomely

"That is not so," replied Mr. Moody. "It is entirely incorrect. Mr. Sankey is a most generous benefactor of any worthy religious institution, and especially has he befriended and aided, in a most substantial way, the schools which I have already named to

"How do you account for the report that you and he have quarreled and separ-

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How now of accunit rof the report that read and separated to prove the public and the strain of four or five meetings a day. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fifty years of age is far different than it was at thirty years, We used to adar. You know very well that a man's voice at fif

Mr. Moody's manner was perfectly calm and unruffled. There was naught in his bearing or speech that did not indicate a complete confirmation of his story. Had the two evangelists been the bitterest of enemies you never could have discovered the fact by anything that Mr. Moody said or did. The newspaper man did not dwell upon the subject of a possible hitch in Moody's and Sankey's heretofore amicable arrangements. Mr. Sankey was not in the immediate vicinity of New York. It wasn't immediate vicinity of New York. It wasn't at all necessary to have his corroboration, for such it surely would be, of Moody's for such it surely would be, of Moody's explanation. The latter is the executive officer of the duo. He has always done all the talking. Mr. Sankey has enjoyed no sinceure as the vocalist of the pair. His work has been hard, and he feels the ill effects of it now, as witness his voice, which grows husky and throaty even after a couple of services of song. Mr. Moody himself says this is so. It was a significant fact that while Mr. Moody was demonstrating that Mr. Sankey and himself were still mouth.

the very best of friends he carefully re-frained from promising in any way that they would be associated together in the future. The intimation was plainly given that Sankey had lost his magnificent voice, and, perforce, much of his old-time effect-

iveness as a revivalist.

When Mr. Moody was questioned as to the sales of "Gospel Hymns" he quickly replied: "I was about to say that I know no more about it than yourself. I really couldn't tell you, for the entire business is in the hands of a committee of a dozen or fifteen gentlemen, who are trustees of the two institutions in Massa-chusetts, at Northfield and Mount Hermon. These gentleman act as an auditing committee, oversee all disburse-ments, and examine carefully into the re-ceipts. You must understand that, practically, all the profits received from the sale of this hymn-book are applied by the trustees to the funds of the two institutions I have mentioned. We have been publishing that book since 1873, when Mr. Sankey and I

selected hymns, without the music, for a penny a copy, a million copies at a time. We haven't been in England since 1884. We made four trips in all across the water, and when we were in England our book, of course, would have a great deal better sale in consequence of the increased interest felt in our work by our presence in the foreigners' midst. And, again, it must be borne in mind there have been French and German translations of "Gospel Hymns." with very extensive sales following their publications. There are as many as five series of the hymn-book published in the United States, and they range in price from 50 cents to \$5 a hundred copies. All depends upon the style and quality of the binding. Of course, there has been a steady and very handsome income from the vast sales. Its selected hymns, without the music, for a handsome income from the vast sales. It seventeen years of existence as a standard hymn-book on the shelves of music stores in so many different countries has naturally developed a traffic of such dimensions that I cannot nor will I attempt to give you

any figures showing the financial pros-perity of the publication." "And how is it with your own works of ecclesiastical literature, Mr. Moody?"

"I only know that they have reached such and such a thousand, as indicated in the catalogue of the publisher, Mr. Revell. That is all I have to judge by. I do know this: that piratical publishers have stolen my sermons and printed them without my knowledge and consent. But not many thousands have circulated in this way. I thousands have circulated in this way, I

The first meeting between Moody and Sankey was in 1871, at an international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association at Indianapolis. They were delegates. In the devotional exercises Moody was strongly attracted by Sankey's voice, and after a service of song he inquired: "Where do you live?"
"In New Castle, Pa.," replied Sankey.
"I want you," Moody then remarked

"What for?" questioned Sankey.
"To help me in my work in Chicago."
"I cannot leave my business," protested

"You must. I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business and come to Chicago with

"I will think of it. I will pray over it. I will talk it over with my wife."

Several weeks later the firm of Moody and Sankey was formed in earnest. Desirous of obtaining figures regarding the sale of Moody and Sankey's book, a call was made on a member of the firm of call was made on a member of the firm of Biglow & Main. He held that it was none of the public's business what Moody and Sankey made out of "Gospel Hymns," but he said that no religious song-book ever enjoyed the popularity of "Gospel Hymns." He quoted the name of a religious publication which, he remarked, had a sale of 1,200,000 copies. "If you were to credit these figures to 'Gospel Hymns,' you would be much below the true circulation, and yet, if the figures were quoted at 18,000,000 copies, you would be equally extravagant in your estimate." From the publisher's remark it was easy to strike a happy medium on his statements as to the estimates of the circulation of the hymn-book, and when it was hinted that perhaps 10,000,-000 copies might be about the right amount,

ooo copies might be about the right amount, he simply shut his eyes and said nothing.

"Why have Moody and Sankey separated?" suddenly asked the caller.

How that eye did snap open again. "I didn't know they had separated," was the

didn't know they had separated," was the reply, spoken very caustically.

"Oh! but you never hear of Sankey singing nowadays at Moody's meetings."

"Pshaw! folks are always trying to make out Moody and Sankey are at logger-heads. I've heard rumors, but I don't believe a word of them. I know Moody and Sankey are just as thick now as they ever were. I know we don't hear of Sankey singing lately. A man's voice doesn't last forever. All singers have to lay off once in a while. Mr. Moody can stand it all right, because he doesn't have to sing, and of course his voice doesn't wear out." voice doesn't wear out."

A representative of the New York branch of the Cincinnati publishing-house of the John Church Company said he knew of no reason, if they had parted, to ascribe for such dissolution of a co-partnership. The such dissolution of a co-partnership. The company were interested simply in the publication of "Gospel Hymns," which was the best selling book of its king they had on the shelves of their warehouses. The head clerk in the publishing-house of Fleming H. Revell also resented the imputation that Moody and Sankey had quarreled and were no longer associated with each other in religious labors. Mr. Moody, in 1862, married Miss Emma C. Revell, whose brother, Fleming H., is the sole publisher of Moody's individual works. dividual works.

Perhaps, after all, it is better to accept Mr. Moody's statements in their fullest significance, and interpret them like this:
"Yes, we are separated for the present. We are separated because of the inability of Mr. Sankey to meet the demands made upon his voice. Financially, we have not been put asunder by any disagreement. That's all." That should satisfy the thousands of readers of this article who admire the great revivalist.

OULDA'S PERSONALITY.

A Queer, Snappish Little Woman, with a Bi Umbrella and Eccentric Ways.

Blakely Hall, in Brooklyn Eagle-I doubt very much if there is a creature on earth more utterly dissimilar to Mrs. Bernard Beere than the cranky little authoress who has recently given utterance to another diatribe against Americans. Onida's assertion a few days ago that she preferred the society of Frankfort Jews to Americans is characteristic enough. It is now known that the man with whom she fell in love so violently at one time and who jilted her was an Italian Jew. He was a remarkably picturesque and handsome figure, young, graceful and with the extraordinary accomplishments and versa-tility of his race, coupled with the love of fun and pleasure which are a part of the Italian character. His reason for not mar-rying Ouida has never been satisfactorily explained, but it is generally believed that he found it impossible to understand what the little woman was driving at when she made love to him. A great many old stories have been told of the sensational authoress of late, and one does not know how many of them are to be credited. It would appear, however, that there is an increase in the spirited little spinster's eccentricities. When I first saw her she reminded me of a once timid, undersized little Yankee school-teacher, who had been suddenly im-bued with a spirit of collessal and absolutely fathomless egotism and impu-dence. She stalked about the streets of London as though she owned them and dropped in to call on princes, ministers and people of such ilk, whether she knew them or not, exactly as the whim seized her. It they chose to receive her—and they usually did, as Londoners are always rapidly in search of a sensation—well and good. If they did not, she stalked out again and went on her way serenely indifferent of it all. She wore a crinoline, a small and rather rackish hat, queer little Congress gaiters, with an inch or two of white stocking showing above them, and she always carried a big and voluminous umbrella. she would come ever here and appear on the stage she would distance them all.

Got What He Aske 1 For.

Boston Times. Editorial Writer-Give me a novel and striking sentence about Clara Morris. Dramatic Editor-She's the only actress who can shed a tear and catch it in her

ONLY WANTS LEAVE TO LIVE

A Strange Letter from a Discontented Woman Who Envies the Lot of Men.

Many Disadvantages and Deprivations Imposed by Social Restrictions Upon Unmarried Women Who Earn Their Own Livings.

To Shirley Dare: Since you wrote that article months since on the Apotheosis of Friendship, have wished often to write you with a freedom which might be displeasing. Six months I have carried that article, read first visited England together. It's hard to tell whether 'Gospel Hymns' circulates more extensively in the old country or in America. They publish one edition of the book in England, with a certain number of feel for once in my life. Why not? You are an utter stranger to me; I shall never

> easels, the plush-covered mantel, and large brackets with a good selection of fine wares-Rookwood pottery in nasturtium red, brown and orange, with pierced and gilt porcelains or blood-red faience, filled with white carnations. A writing-table in one corner, by a window, has a store of books over it, and plenty of the best magazines, not soiled and dogs-eared from a li-brary, but our own; for neither my friend nor I care to handle books after other peo-ple any more than we like to use their nap-kins. The round table, with its deep-blue cloth, has a bowl of Cherokee roses and a dainty work-basket, a photograph-stand or two, with fine faces in them. You would, I think, like our chairs, which are of the basket variety, easy, light, cushioned in plush and draped with lace and ribbon in approved taste. A tripod table with a silver tea-service, a silver lamp, some fine pictures would assure you that we were not in want of assistance, at least immediately, for, though plainly reared, my friend and I have made money enough to gratify our tastes and not dread a rainy day. I am particular about these touches, for a woman is best known

> Having read "Prosper Merimee's Letters to an Incognita," you would observe two or three things, and deduce from them accordingly. That I wear a Gobelin-blue gown, would recall to you Merimee's opinion that a woman who wears a blue dress is always something of a coquette, which, I take, does not mean that she tritles with admiration but in the true sense of the word tion, but in the true sense of the word that she is not indifferent to men. Then the carnations would tell you that here were women of keen sensibilities and warm feelings, but cool ideas, not unmindful of the Puritan training. Neither agnostics nor formalists, you may be as puzzled as some of our stricter neighbors here to place us. No matter. At least you never knew a woman of bad nature to

Lastly, in the work-basket lies a man's glove, in which the needle has been taking some needed stitches.

In all your counsel and exhortations on beauty, why do you ignore the great agent for making women attractive? Why have you not laid open the secrets of the lonely lives women are compelled to lead for want of a little affection? I write advisedly in both words, for a little regard, only a little, would change life for us often. You must hear more history to comprehend the case. I was the bread-winner of the family for all my youth, and too busy to think of loving or marrying, and now I find myself with a strong feeling for my art and none at all for marriage. I suppose I must say, to avoid misunderstanding, that coarser ties are utterly out of my world of thought as much as theft and murder. I should as soon feel like cutting my throat. In the ome needed stitches. soon feel like cutting my throat. In the first place, I never see a man who comes near my ideal of a lover or husband. The honest, shrewd, intelligent men of good taste and warm feelings, who would attract most women, are all mortgaged, i. e., married, and the idea of "marrying and settling down" creates in me an invincible repugnance. To have life, so full of rich possibilities, resolve itself, as it does for most married couples, into mere questions of most women, are all mortgaged, i. e., married, and the idea of "marrying and settling down" creates in me an invincible repugnance. To have life, so full of rich possibilities, resolve itself, as it does for most married couples, into mere questions of ways and means, giving teas and lunches, and engaging nursery-maids and cooks, is to discrown it entirely. You know how to discrown it entirely. You know how Mr. March, in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," has to hold all his generous ideas in abeyance while his wife settles how she is going to like her new range, and whether the second girl and the cook will get on together. I could not endure such sacrificing to the Moloch of commonplace. I could go to the wildest ranch with a husband who suited me, and work for him; but it would be intelligent working, fitting my strength to it, and making the best and brightest of all conditions, putting the necessary vulgarities of life underneath, out of sight as far as possible. My house should never carry the odor of cooking dinners, let me assure you. Dinners there should be, and savory ones, but I would contrive to keep them civil to fine senses, and I could do it, too. Still, it would cost the sacrifice of all that I have given my life to learn to marry now; and at thirty-five, learn to marry now; and at thirty-five, with weakened strength, one does not crave to take up the heavy duties of marriage. I am very comfortable in home and income as I am, and sure that it is best to stay so. But the absolute friendlessness and loneliness of my lot weighs like a sentence of Siberian exile.

My landlady gives unexceptional dinners and keeps the rooms carefully, but my deal-ings with her are limited to payment and a civility now and then, distant as only an Englishwoman knows how to make it. I go to a large church, where an eloquent, warm-hearted rector dispenses such regard as he may to fifteen hundred parishioners, and the ladies of the inner circle are kindly. That is, they shake hands, smile pleasantly when we meet, and call once or twice a year—time strictly limited to ten minutes, as they have twenty others to dispatch the same afternoon. I have none of the vanity which feels flattered by the notice of women higher in the social scale than myself. The ladies' clubs and gatherings have very little of that friendliness the heart craves. They are eaten up with rivalries and ambitions, literary and social. I found myself in danger of being called a sentimental thing before I shut myself up in an armor of reserve and cultivated sarcasm in a delicate way. But I hate that; it is such a boy and girl spirit, like the picking back and forth of young folks at home. If anything, years have brought a serener outlook, a perception of motives which, often petty and mean, are not always as blamable as we think, or as treacherous as they seem. If it were not for the chance generosities one comes Englishwoman knows how to make it. 1 for the chance generosities one comes across like the moss in the desert, I fail to see how we could endure life. It does not see how we could endure life. It does not look brighter or easier after a two hours spent in a woman's circle, where the undisguised spite is more tolerable than the cordiality half put on, with criticism lurking behind it. I thank Mr. Howells especially for his inimitable character of Mrs. March, which shows accurately how odious a woman, socially unassailable, can make herself, with her paltry exceptions to other people's conduct, her judgment in extremes, her deliberate preference of the trivial commonplace to anything higher when the two clash, a sordid, as most women are sordid and vin-dictive beyond belief.

I have tried to make friends with women, but they go about picking up needles and pins off the carpets when they are not busy sticking them into people. The good ones are so taken up with conventions and the Pundita Ramabai or the Indian schools

stray crumbs of geniality, grateful when the grocer gave a cheery good morning, or when the cozy chambermaid chatted in a kindly way as she filled the pitchers at night, or the bell-boy put on some unconscious touch of courtesy as he took your messages? I've lived on these crumbs for weeks and months, when it seemed as if my heart was dying within me for want of some gentle good will, but I never found one of my own sex who could understand this. They all thought it was lovesickness, for want a lover. Good heavens! Isn't there any kindness on earth outside of the love that ends in matrimory? I call that the most selfish thing in the world. The tepid thing people know as friendship is too Laodicean to endure, too weak a cambric Lhodicean to endure, too weak a cambric tea for sipping. A gown more becoming than your friend's is enough to disturb good feeling, and if hard work for a dozen years has brought you where you gain a few dollars more than others, you are made to suffer for it. How often I have been told after a day's work which exhausted soul and body, "you earn your money a great deal too easily:" because I did not get it by sewing or working in a hot kitchen. The kitchen would not be hot or vulgar if I had to work there, and I would set my brains to work to gain as would set my brains to work to gain as much reward for my labor as I have now. If a man comes into the atmosphere, woman's friendship flies like the crystals which seek the furthest point from

each other. I have tried giving up all the gentlemen to them, but that didn't seem to work either. One was baited for superiority. Or if I found a really brilliant, interesting woman, whom one could meet with pleasure, three times, and the fourth one was not up to the mark, it was all over. Because you were not bright one evening, therefore you had come to the end of your resources and were not worth cultivating. I tried then to make friends of men, spite of the sage dictum of lady writers that the less men and women have to do with each other, except in the way of marying, the better, which puts intercourse on a very low footing. At least the experiment was not insipid, for I had trouble enough to keep a frog-pond healthy. My friends, half of them, held my indifference to matrimony immoral, cloaking some vicious bent of mind, or gave me credit for pretense. The frankest treatment could not keep any man whose

from counting me as one of his conquests, and he was surest to feel so when his defects of opinion or manners were hardest to tolerate. Lads of twenty whom I liked because, forsooth, no appearance of love-making would hold in their case, fancied that "the old maid was after them," a way of putting the matter which laid the ghost of preference, or pleasure in their bright wild spirits. Did I admire the music of one, the sketches of another, the poems of a third, or the conversation of fourth, frankly enough in all conscience, was sure to hear some reference to Miss Blank's devotion, her susceptibility, which would drive any modest woman out of her senses with disparagement. Or if a nice man did not think so of himself, other women put him up to it.

Meanwhile this is my life. I work ten
or twelve hours a day, changing the pen or
pencil for reading, or a solitary walk,
which you know is not a safe or healthy

mode of living for a brain-worker. I envy men who can leave their easels for a pipe and lounge in other studios, or the easy camaraderie of a club or cafe, who can stop by the wayside and chat with a stone-breaker if it suits them, to whom the world is free to make acquaintance where they will, to speak their opinions frankly, to ad-mire, to make friendships without blame. I care nothing whatever for political equality or rights that women clamor after. But many women feel as I do, that their solitary lives might have more free air and sunshine without discredit to their sex or sunshine without discredit to their sex or loss to the world. I, for one, have been a thousand times grateful to the arbiter of manners and customs, Mrs. Sherwood, for saying explicitly in Harper's Bazar long since, that professional and working women must be allowed privilege and freedom from the code of society as regards their coming and going, journeying without escort or alone, or being out evenings later than the carefully-kept darlings of prosperous homes, because to earn her livelihood and do her work a woman must have liberty. That opinion of a leader in society has been a charter to many well-bred women who earn their living, and society generally recognizes the justice and necessity of such a concession. It might go further and give those women leave to taste some give those women leave to taste some amusements, and not condemn its faithful workers to the lot of galley slaves, practically, for want of congenial companionship. (I have a room-mate with whom I get on in perfect amity, because we have thorough indifference to each other and thorough independence. She gives no trouble, or companionship either.) It would be a boon I should prefer to any suffrage or of-fice, if to-night I might take my seat wears a mustache. Or even if I might walk wears a mustache. Or even if I might walk this gusty, rainy night "to see the boulevards break in flame," it would be a new world to me, instead of sitting here, feeling my heart beat as if every throb it fretted against a thread. These utterly weary, lonesome hours wear away life, and lead to the nervous failure of which so many die. For my part, if this dullness is to continue, I had rather wake some morning and find I had escaped exile, died over night without knowing it.

knowing it.

I do not want license to err; I want leave to live. Either the kindness or the freedom we women must have—would it be any great harm if we had both? I once thought I had a friend to my mind for six weeks, one of those mobile, impressionable, brilliant creatures, with eyes that shed exquisite kindliness on everything with their ray. In that time I revived in imagination, in body and mind; I painted as never before, I worked without weakness, and slept with thanksgiving. People said how well you look, and some women told me I had grown pretty. In that equable state of blood and look, and some women told me I had grown pretty. In that equable state of blood and nerves, in that stimulus of every sweet and happy feeling. why should not expression grow eloquent, the eye clear and full of light, the walk easy and graceful? Could that friendship have continued I should have done such work as makes the world pleased. But such inspirations come like the wind, and go like it.

I do not regret the loss of regard.

Tell me how love goeth. That was not love which went.

But I do regret the inspiration. Artists and writers will know what I mean. Had it been a lover or husband changing so, it would not have been so hard. As it was only friendship sweet and delicate as first love, it can never be replaced—in this world.

Of what use is it to tell women how to keep young, or for them to look ten years younger than they are, when that is only a reason for restriction and suspicion? People say to me, in cold blood, "you are too young looking and pretty to go round alone," and I stay in decorously, and let life eat itself away. Farewell,

Do not take this for an imaginary letter. It bears every evidence of reality. SHIRLEY DARE.

Mrs. Morton's Simplicity.

Mrs. Morton, who is the leader of society by rank and by personal fitness and ability, has set a worthy example to dinner-givers this season by the simplicity of her enter-tainments. Her table is decorated with few flowers, mounds of ferns being the more usual ornament. The china is in simple gold bands on pure white, and all ostentation is distinctly avoided.

Isn't "Manuprinter" Good Enough?

Thomas Seymour Denton has coined the word "manuprint"—verb, adjective and noun—for work done with a type-writer. anything higher when the two clash, a noun-for work done with a type-writer. character which lower in society would be Now, if some genius will trot out a new word to take the place of "type-writer," as applied to the person who operates one of those machines, another long-felt want will have been filled.

Such Is Life in a Great City.

Iowa Register.

ELLA WHEELER IS VERY MAD

And Speaks with Vigor Concerning Foreigners Who Belittle American Men.

She Specifies Three Individuals and Administers a Caustic Scoring for Their Insulting and Impertment Language.

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During the recent social season I have met in the parlors of cultivated American gentlemen three foreigners who have aroused in me all the warlike spirit which my ancestors must have felt during the Revolution. While naturally of a peaceloving disposition, and with a general interest in humanity which causes me to ignore national peculiarities or traits, I have, in meeting and talking with these three foreigners, felt a strong desire to see them. borne away in the talons of the American eagle, to make food for his young, or quietly folded away in the Stars and Stripes and left in the branches of some lone tree upon the plains for vultures to gnaw.

In case either of these methods were not practicable or successful, I would have been willing to see the American pugilist, John Sullivan, dispose of the foreigners to the best of his professional ability, and incapacitate them from further insolence and exhibitions of bad breeding.

One of these persons was an Englishwoman, one was an Englishman and the third a Cuban. These three people, who are visiting in New York, and who have been kindly treated, entertained and feasted in the homes of American men of culture and refinement, have each one separately appropriately appropriately

rately expressed themselves on several occasions within my hearing, in a manner most insulting to their hosts.

"I like American ladies very much indeed, but I am disappointed in American men. They are not equal to the ladies—oh, dear, no!" I heard the English woman say in the presence of a dozen American wives of

Several of the ladies smiled, bowed and seemed to imagine that Madame John Bull had been complimenting them highly. One or two flushed with indignation and realized that their husbands had been insulted, but one only dared express herself to that

A young, exceedingly ill-favored and poor specimen of an Englishman, who had been fourteen days in New York, was introbeen fourteen days in New York, was intro-duced to me by his host, one of the most cultivated and agreeable men in New York. Before the host had left us this callow youth hastened to tell me that "he thought New York ladies really quite charming— but aw, deah! your men, you know, are awfully behind ours—nowhere neah the equal of the ladies—don't like the American

"I fear you have been unfortunate in the class of men you have met," I suggested.
"Oh, no—have met the best you have in New York, but not one I liked."
"You must suffer from poor taste, then," I replied, feeling a desire to slap his weazened face, and send him home to his government for better training. erness for better training. "No, my taste is all right, I think," he continued, "and really, they are awfully disappointing, the American men. Don't

you think so "As I married an American, it ought to indicate to you that I think them charming," I replied. "And to be frank with you, since you invite frankness, I have never seen a foreign man who, in my most romantic or susceptible days, could have done mantic or susceptible days, could have done more than amuse me. I cannot imagine loving any man but an American. A foreigner does very well to pick up a lady's fan or kill time for her, like a pet parrot, by repeating his little stereotyped compliments, but the thorough, true, sensible American girl gives her heart to an American lover. Those who give them to foreigners usually live to regret it. A foreign husband is an expensive luxury, you know, for an American lady."

I left the sapling without an apology, but ten minutes later I heard him repeating the identical remarks he had made to me to a bevy of ladies, one of whom was the daughter of his host.

The next week I heard of him in the hat

The next week I heard of him in the hat and cloak-room at a crush reception given in honor of a young society debutante. As is frequently the case in overcrowded receptions, there was more or less difficulty in regard to finding hats and great-coats. The hundreds of American gentlemen present bore their discomfiture, inconvenience and occasional losses with good-natured composure. If their hats and coats were never found, they knew they could buy others. But high above the hum of the reception rose the shrill accents of the young Englishman. "I want my hat—I say I want my hat—I never saw hat—I say I want my hat—I never saw such a beastly way of doing things— waiter, why don't you find my hat?" Unwaiter, why don't you and my hat? Concertain of his success in winning an American heiress, I suppose the poor fellow was concerned in regard to the purchase of another tile. He was the subject of general amused disgust among all the American gentlemen in the hat-room. Yet a few evenings later I heard him "saying his little piece" regarding the inferiority of American men to another hostess.

I am quite as indignant toward the

I am quite as indignant toward the hostesses who permit these remarks to pass unrebuked as I am to the perpetrator of them. How is it that an American wife or claughter can accept a compliment to her-self which reflects upon her husband or ather? A compliment of this kind is the orst sort of insult.

"I hear you are greatly your husband's superior," said a would-be admirer—an Englishman—one day to a lady upon whom he was calling for the first time.

"Indeed? Well, you have been misinformed. And will you kindly and quickly place yourself outside the door of my husband's house—before I call a servant to put you out?" was the lady's unexpected reply.

"I cannot remain in the presence of any one who speaks disrespectfully of my husband."

The man went, and was cut dead by the lady from that hour. This is the only true spirit for a true American wife, sister or mother. The men American wife, sister or mother. The men whose names we bear—the men whose hands or brains toil for us, the men who would give their heart's blood to defend our honor, surely these are the men to whom we owe respect and allegiance, and we should defend them in return from the slurs of foreign invaders of our social and domestic circles.

No compliment to ourselves should for a moment hide or excuse the insult to our liege lords. Such compliments are but sugar-coated poisons. Every right-minded American woman should resent such speeches, and teach such foreigners who come here the good breeding that was neglected at home. The man who insults his host in a pretended compliment to his hostess should be shown to the door, and politely requested to make his adicux.

If our American men are guilty of such bad breeding when abroad, they deserve severe chastisement; but I doubt any American ever having so wantonly transgressed a law of common politeness as I have myself witnessed done by three foreigners in New York this winter. I have heard similar remarks made by foreign visitors on previous occasions, for several years past, and I have felt my anger and disgust steadily on the increase until it has reached boiling-over point. I have even heard American women quoting and accenting these remarks; one of these ladies had been twice married—once to an American, who treated her with respect and undying affection, once to a foreigner, who had abused, misued and irretrievably wronged her.

The roughest American boor would know better, it seems to me, than to make uncomplimentary comments in the host's par-No compliment to ourselves should for a better, it seems to me, than to make un-

complimentary comments in the host's par-lor, in hearing of his wife and daughter. If this is foreign politeness and culture, give me American boorishness! give me American bo ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Not as Good as a Stiff Bond. Washington Post. they have no time or thought for the solitary woman in the next block eating her heart out with loneliness in want of a human smile or a word of affection. Have you ever known this famine of human nature so that you were glad of the veriest.

A month ago the people of New York voted Mayor Grant to be the most popular man in that city. Now he has been carried down so low by the Tammany wreck of the sheriff's office that he will never be heard of again politically.

Washington Post.

One species of reform that recent circumstances appear to warrant is some kind of a system in the several States by which sheriff's office that he will never be heard of again politically.